

## \* A Spring-Time Memory

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Buds in the orchard blowing,  
      Kiss in purple bloom,  
Breath of the spring-sound straining  
      Field and sheet with perfume;  
And lists of twittering song  
      From yonder winged throng.

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Sweet to the music bringing  
      Back to my heart the glow,  
The passion and the ringing  
      Of Youth in long ago -  
Voices and laughing eyes,  
      And secret, happy sighs.

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Oh, was it, now I wonder,  
      Such day as this we met,  
And above the bright sky under,  
      With eyes in dreaming set;  
And loudly sang the birds  
      Our soft unuttered words?

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Hail! Oh hail!

Beloved of the lovelier season!

The bowers of blossomy sweets,  
Unmarred by the Winter's treason  
Meet thee as my full heart greets.

Hail! Oh hail!

Thou art come; thou art fondly mated

To the revel and rapture of Time -

To the purpose and passion unsated  
Illumed in the light of their prime.

Hail! Oh hail!

## Ave

Bright Bird! through the infinite winging,  
In the deeps of the limitless blue,  
To the shore of the South Land bringing  
Joy-pledgers the old year knew —  
Hail! Oh Hail!

From thy plumage is soft distilling  
Air-wafts from the Isles of Palms —  
The senses with fragrance filling,  
Luxurious from tropical calms.  
Hail! Oh Hail!

O fragile, and swift and tireless,  
Undaunted by severing seas,  
Thy love not estranged, nor desire less  
For the glory thy faith foresees. —  
Hail! Oh hail!

Unswerved by the heaving thunder,  
Unworned by winds and rains,  
Unchanged through the sky, whereunder  
Thou fliest, inconstant remains.

The genius of the New World spoke at last,  
And in his person fronted all the past;  
Through him the <sup>fuller</sup> dawning ray  
Of the new time Republic smote the earth  
And brought the certain signs of the birth  
Of its diviner day.

Still is the story of the old world told  
In deathless page of History unrolled  
Exultant over time -  
In Hebrew chronicle of sage and seer,  
In Rome's <sup>Republic</sup> ~~under~~ empire unknown and severe  
And Hellas in her prime.

And later yet the unconquerable spirit glows  
On English land, and where the Alpine snows  
Lifted a symbol pure, <sup>boundless tyranny</sup>  
Where Holland fought against the ~~swelling sea~~  
And <sup>hence arose like tempests of the sea</sup> ~~gaunt the smaller tides of tyranny~~ -  
The faith is ever sure.

These may we not forget; they are a part  
Of that deep beating of the people's heart  
Which ~~shall not be done~~ <sup>shall not be done</sup>  
Till that great hour that waits in time to be  
Break in accomplishment <sup>on land and sea</sup>  
And life's far goal be won

But she who sits between the mighty seas,  
The fount<sup>er</sup> born, is great as all of these;  
And round her brow is worn  
The light that signs the living hope of man -  
The star unset, the faith Republican  
Undying - unfor<sup>sworn</sup>.

Praise to the men whose plain heroic deeds  
Based the majestic structure that uprears  
Its earth o'erlooking fane;  
Praise to the men who drew for her the sword  
Because her cause was Right, and God is Lord  
Whose service is her reign;

Praise to the men who in a nearer day  
Took from her shrine the deep sep<sup>er</sup>ate away  
And gave enfranchisement  
Unto a race in bondage and opp<sup>ress</sup>ion;  
~~And in their freedom freedom was con<sup>test</sup>~~  
As the old Fathers meant

Do we not well, when thus we meet as here  
To celebrate <sup>a nation's</sup> ~~Columbus~~ latest year,  
To lift the reverent eyes  
Where stand upon the Past's dim shrouded shore  
Chargely proportioned forms which evermore  
Type manhood strong and wise?

Strong not by virtue of success alone,  
Not by the arts to pandering boosters known,  
But strong as truth is strong;  
Wise not in ready cunning for the hour  
But in the wisdom having faith for flower,  
And noble scorn of wrong

Life is not all; our purest founts are fed  
By lustrous streams of memories from the dead.  
Who, dying, left us yet  
A high bequest - a lordly precedent  
Shining above the ways of discontent,  
Apathy, and regret.

Life is not all; its struggle daunts with pain  
Its mists coil round the aching heart and brain.  
Ah! well for us that then  
A light may shine across the darkened ways -  
A clarion voice be eloquent to raise  
Us to the hopes of men.

Unto no <sup>one</sup> race or clime do they belong  
Whose acts and words rise as the stars in throng,  
In heaven's earth-clasping dome:  
The brotherhood of <sup>man</sup> ~~men~~ alone may claim  
Their especial greatness; and their fairest fame  
In heart of man has home.

In aspiration, in self sacrifice,  
In faithful toil that had no gold for price,  
In patriotic fire  
In simple trust, by flattery unbecked,  
In <sup>tempted</sup> ~~place~~ of power, by power undefiled,  
Single in their desire,  
In life's exalted mood they live supreme  
Shedding a glory on the dreamer's dream,  
And as a living force  
They flash denial to all doubts and fears  
And urge the soul through the dismaying years  
In upward stirring course.

Of such is he who stood in Freedom's van  
~~Three-eyed~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~and~~ great of soul — "the first American".  
Who in War-torn peril gave brave  
The sending himself of a civil strife  
And to his country gave away his life  
So she was whole and saved



The genius of the New World spoke at last  
And in his person fronted all the past:  
If thro' him the fuller ray.  
Honor to him the Nation's martyred chief,  
~~The Gen~~  
Who in the darkest hour of loss and grief,  
Faded not in strength & trust  
Who raised from out Rebellion's whirling tide  
And gave the Union freedom sanctified  
Of the new-time Republic smote the earth  
And brought the certain heritage of the birth  
Of its diviner day.  
No privilege was his, no royal birth,  
No patent other than his native worth.  
But this was royalized dower;  
And in the rugged outline of his face  
Death strength of will there looked an ungrace -  
Sweetness allied to power

The ready feet that quav'ring, clothed his speech  
Lead not in wisdom, and the depths that reach  
The spring of human tears.  
For such as he ~~stay not in mocking thrall,~~  
~~For such as he our life to not a masquerade~~  
Over the revel deeper voices call -  
Voices the spirit hears.

His record is before us, and we scan  
In life-long deed the ever present man  
Whether in lowly toil,  
In wider range of mental exercise,  
Or in the place where power & subtly pierce  
Its arts to tempt and soil



He won his way to <sup>Public</sup> ~~the~~ Republic's eminence  
By no betrayal or by vain pretence,  
And standing there proclaimed  
The duty he had sworn to do and did.  
Nor was there any act or motive hid  
Whereby he shall be shamed

So let him stand, <sup>live</sup> august within the Past,  
While hope endures and memory shall last;  
~~And reverence for the good~~  
With martyrs for the Good;  
He shall not die while Freedom's temple stands  
Her awful altar ~~unto~~ <sup>for all</sup> days and lands  
Made sacred by their Good.

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Was the sky's blue intenser -  
Whiter each filmy cloud,  
As Spring with light-swing censers  
Rained magic air; and loud  
Beat in our hearts the chime  
Of love's responsive rhyme?

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The day when first together  
We met and felt no change,  
And asked not why or whether,  
But eyes swift interchange  
Heapt as with old desire, -  
Melt with familiar fire

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As though we were all-knowing  
That this was planned to be  
We stood; and round you flowing  
I saw, or dreamt to see,  
Some vision, old yet new,  
That linked my life to you

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What would I give to bring it -  
That day of days gone by -  
To picture it and sing it  
Ere memory could die;  
And fill the trembling song,  
With music lost so long!

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The rosy clouds of the sunset  
Had paled 'neath the rising stars;  
The winds were hushed, and the waters  
Were at rest on the sandy bars;

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The leaves in the orchard were powerless  
The apple-flush faded in gloom;  
With the Night came the Spirit of Silence  
Slow-poising on noiseless plume,

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One speech, one vibration only  
Was known to them standing there,  
Close-girdled with drooping branches  
And bathed in the fruit-scented air.

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One speech, but two-fold in meaning,  
One thrill, but diverse in sense -  
These came to their hearts that together  
Were prest in a clasp intense:

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So strangely the mystic language  
Spoke to the man and the maid,  
From the past it spoke to the man's heart,  
On the present with her it stayed.

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To him came a boyish passion  
That lived in his graver years  
And keenly the pang that smote him  
When Hope hid her face from his tears.

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And there by the grey-cold ashes  
He saw himself idly stand,  
No light from his eyes outraying,  
No task for his nerveless hand.

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He saw the damp as they passed him  
Bring only the slow refrain -  
" Thy dream it hath no returning  
Thy pulses wake not again "

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But now in the voices mingled  
Words soft as the dove-notes blend  
" Ah! bitter was Love's beginning  
But sweet thereof is the end "

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# Kilac - tide

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Let us wander forth,  
For the wind is from the North  
Flowing over <sup>field and lane</sup> ~~hill and plain~~  
From the hill and plain.  
Even mid the city's noise, -  
Mid the clangor that destroys  
Finer tone and subtler sense  
Dwelling in sweet permanence  
Where the quiet valleys keep  
Greening glooms and vistas deep -  
Let us pass O. faithful Song, -  
Nestle by my side  
While the guests of Fancy throng  
In the Kilac - tide.

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Where by arid street  
Fresh-eyed blooms the wanderer greet;  
Where fragrance fills the dusty air  
Throng each garden - square.  
Then the toil of life goes by;

For a little space we spy  
Eden-halls where once we stood  
In Youth's beautiful hardihood:  
Kiss of love and clasp of friend  
linger there until the end,  
Whisper, Song, and loving bring,  
Though the tears divide,  
Back to me the thoughts that cling  
In the heart-tide.

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## South Bruni Heads

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No grace of bloom, no plummy frond is here  
No dell of sweetness, blent with shine and shade  
Where hidden waters call in music clear,  
Or gleam with sudden silver through the glade.  
No rich suggestion of the Summer prime  
Breathes from these arid steep and downy ways  
Whose rock-breasts front the marring shocks of time  
And bear the weight of immemorial days.

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Here tempest-beating wings rush by, and waves  
Borne frantic on the foam-pale sea, uprear  
Against and fill the hollow-thundering caesars  
Back sheaming, hissing from the craggy sheer.  
Here the low clouds, cliff-torn in ragged bands  
Shed from their vaporous wounds hail, rain and snow  
Death-cold and wan from desolate, sad lands  
Set round with glacial drift and barren floe.

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On either hand a promontory lifts  
Its lordly brow athwart the lurid sky  
Whereon the gambols' foaming color shifts  
Now bluely red - now fading utterly;  
And, stretched between, extends a burning <sup>shore</sup>  
Drenched by the wash of ocean-gathered seas,  
And near the marge an oozy lake hath <sup>shore</sup>  
Of bitter waters, ringed with blasted trees.

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Of such as this might he have dreamed and feared  
Who rode with Virgil through the quefs of doom;  
Or he, not less, whose sightless orbs could find  
The mighty vision of immortal doom:  
They might have met their giant liegemen  
To these fierce cues, and prove all the storm  
The desolation and its phantasies  
In words where lurks the soul beneath the form

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GOD'S ACRE BY THE RIVER.

*for evermore they seem to*  
At rest, or seemingly at rest, they lie, *their kindred*  
Who mix the body's elements with dust.  
No voice comes back to strengthen human trust,  
And faith bows down bereft of love's reply.  
By silence thrall'd, in nameless darkness thrust,  
Divided from our sense are they who die.  
Perchance that unknown calm  
May sweeten life in unimagined spheres;  
But never yet there fell, for prayer or psalm,  
An answer to our tears.

We deem, whatever severance may be,  
That we whose spirits struggle with the flesh  
Are linked to them who drink from fountains fresh,  
Yet lose not all their mortal sympathy.  
So deem we, but the mystic woven mesh  
Enfolds us that we neither hear nor see;  
And fainting with a doubt  
We look upon the unavailing skies,  
While dark and lightmete times and seasons out,  
And life is born and dies.

Do ye in truth live on, O voiceless ones,  
Exalted from us by a sacred scorn?  
Bathed in the joy of some diviner morn,  
Outpouring from the heart of newer suns,  
Stand ye aloof, by earthly cares unworn,  
Knowing no more the grief that over-runs  
The cup of lower life?  
Have ye a knowledge piercing Space and Time,  
And the wild throes of Nature's anguished strife,  
To reach a state sublime?

A SONG OF EVE.

The sky is paling 'neath the summer moon,  
The silver sheen is set upon the wave-  
So soon! so soon!

The day hath dropt i' the grave.  
Rose-tinted gleams arrayed the saintly west,  
The Benediction of the passing light,  
Awhile ago;

I wake to know

These things are gathered to unbroken rest,  
And over earth and heaven falls the night.

Th' odorous wind with murmurous wings  
Floats in across the star-reflecting sea;  
The balm of lakes and mountain-springs  
It lends to me.

O moon of summer! O slow-sailing moon!

O wind interpreting the moon!

You fill me with a visioned joy,  
With unattainted dreams-

Earth hath no more annoy,  
Love-luminous life's secret seems!

Come back, O lovely year!

Year of the whitest lily and the loveliest rose!

Now when the days are sere,

And all the yonder hills are pale with snows.

Come back to me and bring

The married memories of life and joy-

Recall the songs that sing

The deep delight Time never can destroy!

So! thou art even come-

The invocation of my yearning heart

Breathes on the lips long dumb,

And, swift as tears, old words to music start.

The harpstring wakes and thrills

With throbbings manifold and wild and deep-

Their exaltation fills

My soul arising from forgetful sleep.

I clasp with eager hands

The long upgathered wealth of ghostly flowers,

And from the river sands

I watch the tide ebb westward with the hours.

Flushed by the sunset sky

One mountain peak looms out in distance dim-

The airs that wander by

Voice its lone aspiration in a hymn!

## INSOMNIA.

Concord in discord; truth that underlies  
The seeming falsity;  
The fixed form that to the spirit eyes  
Melts from reality;  
The fever and the mystery of pain,  
The burden of regret,  
The forward-reachings striving to attain  
The days that are not yet;  
The anguish wrought by that earth-blinded Power  
Which shuts in heart of stone,  
And chills with alien breath the tender flower  
That blushed in dreams alone;  
The aching love that wrings its tireless hands  
In eloquent appeal,  
 wooing, in truest kinship, all the lands-  
That yearns but to reveal  
The oneness and the brotherhood of man-  
The all-enfolding creed  
That looks not to the narrow Now or Then,  
But gives fair worth its meed;  
The baffled aims, the wounded hopes that lie  
In wreckage sorrowful-  
These that shall witness, ere their ardours die,  
For thee, O Beautiful!